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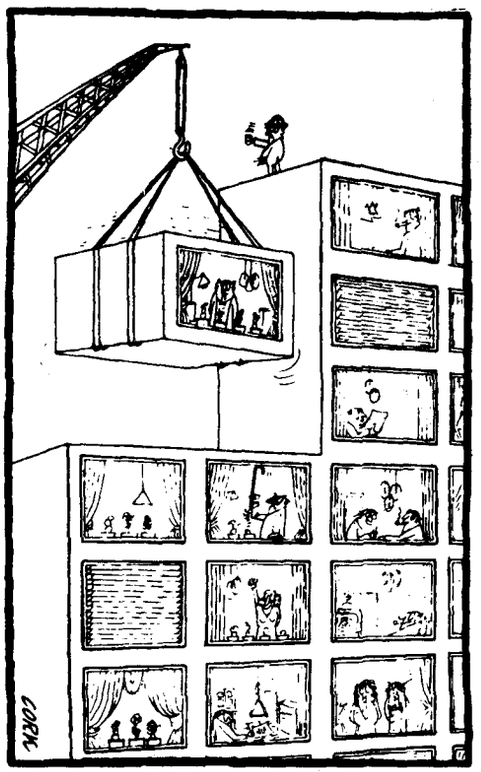

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NEWS & VIEWS

The 'Maude' Reruns

Not everyone or everything Catholic joined in the general Catholic campaign to block reruns of two episodes of CBS-TV's "Maude" comedy series, in which Maude, finding herself pregnant in middle age, opted for an abortion.

Taking an independent position was *The Visitor,* official publication of the Diocese of Providence, R.I. The diocesan weekly reviewed protests of the U.S. Catholic Conference and of various anti-abortion groups and found them wanting.

When the "pro-life position is put forward in shrill tones with threats and harsh rhetoric, it defeats its own purposes," *The Visitor* said editorially.

"We therefore disagree with efforts to suppress these programs or to pressure the network or individual stations not to broadcast them," the paper added. "Such pressure detracts from the important issue of abortion or life, substituting a false one of censorship."

Catholic opposition to the "Maude" reruns was spearheaded by Bishop James S. Rausch, general secretary of the USCC, who sent a communication to 160 dioceses and 20,000 parishes across the country encouraging protests to CBS.

The results were mixed. CBS went ahead, of course, with the reruns, but without seven of the eight scheduled commercial sponsors and without 36 of its 159 affiliates carrying the shows. (Last fall, when the originals ran, only two affiliates cancelled.)

There was the inevitable backlash, making the Providence *Visitor's* worries more than justified. Pro-abortion groups launched a consumer boycott against the sponsors that withdrew. More specifically, in terms of *The Visitor* editorial, Catholic officials did open themselves to what was labeled elsewhere as a "blatant effort at censorship."

One of the most outspoken in the latter category was Dr. Everett C. Parker, director of the Office of Communications of the United Church of Christ. He compared Catholic opposition to the "Maude" reruns to "the darkest days of the Legion of Decency when Catholic pressure reduced motion pictures to bland escape themes, devoid of social or moral content."

The Catholic church, like all religion, is protected in its freedom by the First Amendment, reminded Parker. But, he added, "it ill behooves Catholic leaders to attempt to limit the First Amendment rights of others to access to thoughts and opinions, however distasteful they may be."

Egg-Walking on CICOP

An aura of mystery hangs over the U.S. Catholic Conference's decision to "close out" the prestigious Catholic Inter-American Cooperation Program (CICOP) conference.

The USCC acted on a recommendation of its Committee on Research, Plans and Programs, but said that it was "open to the consideration of a plan for (future) inter-continental dialogue which (Division for Latin America) staff may develop."

There was no hard guarantee, however, that something kindred will replace the 10-year-old CICOP conference. And there were indications that strong reservations existed over the decision to end CICOP.

The strongest clue to the latter came in a commentary issued by Father Frederick McGuire, C.M., director of the Division for Latin America. His was a curious blend of agreement and admonition.

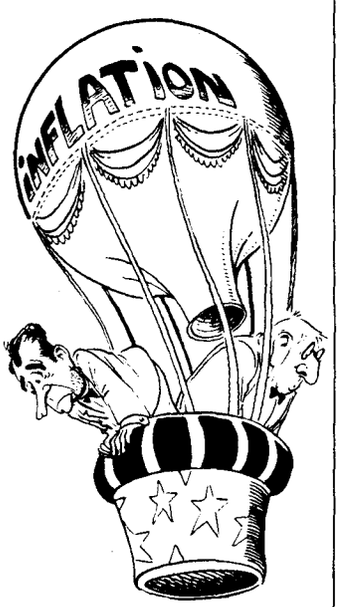
The agreement came first —albeit obliquely. "I do not feel that the decision to discontinue the traditional CICOP conference . . . is necessarily cause for lamentation," Father McGuire stated. "The Division for Latin America has never desired the institutionalization of CICOP." He affirmed his conviction, however, that "CICOP has been a success."

Then came the admonition —in a context which made clear that McGuire was going along with the decision to "close out" CICOP only on grounds that it did not signal an abandonment of commitment on the part of the bishops and the USCC, parent agency of the Division for Latin America.

"My reaction would be entirely different," said Father McGuire, "if I believed that this action by USCC was an attempt by the U.S. Church to disengage itself from the Gospel imperative to fully implement inter-American Christian social justice. Such an unthinkable evasion of Christian responsibility would constitute a most reprehensible form of moral cowardice directly antithetical to Christ's demand that his followers liberate the oppressed."

Calls to Washington confirmed that there was much "between the lines" of the McGuire commentary — or "tight-roping," as one official worded it. (He might have meant arm-twisting.)

All were biding time until it was seen what becomes of plans and programs recently submitted by the Division for Latin America for 1974. If action on them is interpreted as a decision to curtail education and information on inter-American matters, there may be fireworks.



Vadillo, *Ovaciones,* Mexico

Helping the Hungry

In response to the hunger crises in West Africa (Niger, Upper Volta, Mali, Senegal, Mauritania and Chad), Meals For Millions, a California humanitarian organization, is mobilizing resources to send multi-purpose food to the drought-stricken area.

Meals For Millions has been in existence for 26 years, and has responded to emergencies all over the world, including in 1972 and 1973 in India, Bangladesh, the Philippines and Nicaragua.

Its African relief will be distributed through Catholic Relief Services. Donations may be sent to Meals For Millions Foundation, 1800 Olympic, P.O. Box 1666, Santa Monica, Calif., 90406.

Odds and Ends

—The couple from Connecticut that had trouble with Western Union when it sought to send a telegram of congratulations to Congressman Robert F. Drinan, S.J., on his impeach-Nixon resolution, might have been advised to follow the lead of a Massachusetts family. It resorted to Latin: SALVE ITAQUE ETIAM ATQUE ETIAM, PATER AMANTISSIME, PATER DESUSQUE PATRIAE . . . VERITATIS PROPUGNATOR INVICTISSIME. The text was borrowed from Rabelais' message to the dying Erasmus: "Greeting and yet again greeting, dearest father, and honor of the land which gave you birth . . . invincible fighter for truth."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Dr. Frankenstein

Winnipeg, Manit.

To the Editors: A small point, but necessary in the interests of a pretended literacy (on my part). Frankenstein, in Mary Shelley's book, was the scientist; it was his creation, the "monster," that became the object of fear and horror. (Or is it ultimately the creator rather than the created that is the real monster?) The "Frankenstein lives" designation of the cumulative armaments ("News and Views," May 25) refers to the creation. Or is it perhaps an insight that deserves applause rather than correction?

The series on post-conciliar Catholicism are providing good secondary sources for this Protestant's lectures in contemporary theology.

VERN RATZLAFF
Dept. of Philosophy/Religious Studies
Mennonite Brethren College of Arts

Far-flung Bedfellows

Saxton's River, Vermont

To the Editors: The surprise of Father Balisuriya's reading of the post-conciliar church in Asia [June 29] is its aptness to what is happening in North America. Such striking likeness is unexpected in lands whose histories are so different than that of our own country, lands even whose names we hardly knew.

We can match the Balisuriya description in scattered examples from all the Caprock Corners, the Galloping Falls, the Smedleyvilles, Turbinetowns and

(Continued on page 487)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. The next issue will be dated September 21. We will then will resume our normal weekly schedule.

NEWS & VIEWS: 466 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 467
EDITORIALS: 467
A PASTOR BUCKS BRAZILIA: *Gary MacEoin* 468
WATERGATE AND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE: *Peter Steinfels* 470
SAVING THE NEIGHBORHOODS: *Peter Freiberg* 471
SURVIVAL KIT FOR PUBLIC HOUSING: *J. S. Fuerst* 474
VERSE: *Jack Lindeman* 479; *John Fandel* 482
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 478
THE CAMERA AS THE EYE OF GOD: *Dennis O'Brien* 480
THE LADY AS HUMPHREY BOGART: *Margaret Wimsatt* 483
BOOKS: *Richard P. McBrien, Armand Schwab, Jr.* 484
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Front cover, Cork*

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THEY WENT TO COLLEGE

Eventually our national atmosphere of political corruption will be blamed on our educational institutions. The President himself suggested that the overzealous criminality in his own Administration was attributable to the student activists and permissive professors of the 1960s, falling back on the "everybody does it" lie to rationalize burglary and wiretapping. And a young Yaleman wrote recently on the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times* that the origins of moral relativism lie in the "corrupting experience known as law school."

Meanwhile we have former Cabinet members under indictment and the Vice President reportedly on the brink, lawyers subverting the law and corporation heads sheepishly confessing their illegal campaign contributions. Where did they all go to school? What was it in the academic or social subculture of the University of Southern California that made its student politics the school of dirty tricks for Dwight Chapin, Ron Zeigler, Gordon Strachen, Herb Klein, Herbert Kalmbach and Donald Segretti? How could the Fordham of the 1950s bring forth both G. Gordon Liddy and Dean's lawyer, Charles Shaffer? And John Mitchell? At Hotchkiss, Hugh Sloan blew the whistle on fellow students who rigged an election and at Princeton he was known for his integrity? Now? Georgetown has built the July issue of *Georgetown Today* around its own Watergate connections, featuring all its alumni and faculty with even a remote tie to the affair: John Dean, Sam Dash, Alexander Haig, Judge Sirica, Senator Montoya, Hugh Sloan (one semester in the Foreign Service School) and Edward Bennett Williams (Vesco's lawyer). Prudently Georgetown claims no direct credit for its sons' careers; yet, if the readers wish to conclude that the hearings are part of Georgetown's public service they are free to do so.

This "prominent alumni" game can be useful, in that it gives universities an occasion to reflect on their accomplishments and failures. But it can be both unfair and misleading. Americans have always expected too much of their educational institutions and blamed them, as if they were careless parents, when their grown-up children went wrong. Catholic schools have encouraged unrealistic hopes—failing to appreciate the complexity of the process of value formation. Until ten years ago most Catholic schools held

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some version of the "putty theory" of education: that a student handed over to the Christian Brothers, Jesuits or Religious of the Sacred Heart was "moulded"—by a rigid classical curriculum and religious, dress and dormitory regulations—to conform to a preconceived ideal, to become (excuse the expression) a "product" of the Catholic system.

Now educators know that the system could not withstand the social changes of the 1960s and the emergence of a new generation with values of its own. The colleges are humbler in their claims. Yet the shock of the '60s should not scare them away from the fact that liberal education is moral education. The humanities, in themselves, cannot humanize. But, taught by men of conscience in a community that shares common beliefs, they can bring the student into confrontation with the deceptions of rulers, the meaning of the law, or the corrupting influence of one's own ambition. When liberal education is really successful it gives a man the strength to stand against society when integrity demands it. Those turning points still come when a student may be inspired by the moral concern of one professor or embittered by the cynicism and callousness of another, Fortunately, the power to mould "putty" is gone. The opportunity to challenge students—and the corruption of the state—remains.

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IN AMAZON COUNTRY

A PASTOR BUCKS BRAZILIA

"Unless the federal government of Brazil intervenes directly, and does it soon, nobody in this part of the nation will believe any longer in any government. The people are disillusioned. A deep movement of revolt rushes logically against the military police who are once more functioning as accomplices of a private company that was already condemned several times by public opinion in the area, by the newspapers, and even by the police and other branches of the federal government."

Such was the summing up in March, 1972, of an appeal to the federal authorities in Brazilia by Francis Jentel, the French-born pastor of Santa Terezinha, Mato Grosso, Brazil. Five years earlier, he had won a ruling from Brazil's President in person in favor of his parishioners threatened with expulsion from their small farms by a powerful group of land-grabbers. But local skullduggery blocked implementation of the presidential ruling, and Father Jentel was back in Brazilia to protest the continuing use of deceit and violence against his people.

This time he was less lucky. Many things have changed for the worse in Brazil since 1967. Dictator Costa e Silva was then pledged to "humanize" the military-controlled government, but the following year new levels of repression were introduced, following a decree that wiped out all civil rights of Brazilians and left them at the arbitrary mercy of military rulers and military courts.

For Father Jentel this meant that instead of getting justice in Brazilia, he found himself charged two months later with sedition, incitement to violence, links with guerrillas and a litany of other crimes. In May, 1973, a military tribunal sentenced him to ten years in jail. His bishop denounced the trial as a farce. Bishop Aloisio Larscheider, secretary-general of the Conference of Brazilian Bishops, after an on-the-spot study, said that Father Jentel's activities were justified and that "the situation in Mato Grosso is the most absurd and unjust possible."

The harshness of the Jentel sentence has convinced observers that he is a pawn in a squeeze play that may decide the future of Brazil for a hundred years. The military dictatorship is committed, with strong United States backing, to a method of development which tightens the belts of the poor to enable the rich to grow still fatter. While the gross national product has been growing at the rate of 10 percent yearly in recent years, the worker's salary has 38 percent less purchasing power than it had ten years ago. All the benefits of growth are concentrated in the top 20 percent of the people and in the multinational companies with and for whom they work. The share of the national income enjoyed by this 20 percent has gone in the same ten years from 54 to 64 percent.

After a period of hesitation, the bishops of Brazil seem to have decided to challenge this system. In the spring of 1972, the national conference of bishops protested "the excesses and cruelty committed by the forces of order," including harassment, arrests and even torturing of socially progressive priests. This year, the bishops' challenge has grown more direct. Pastoral letters from the bishops of the Northeast, of Goiás and Mato Grosso in the southern Amazon basin, and of industrial São Paulo, have challenged not only specific actions but the entire underlying philosophy.

Father Jentel's stand for the peasants and Indians against the invasion of cattle ranchers who are part of a vast program of beef raising for export also challenges the philosophy. But there is a further reason for picking on him. When the bishops opposed the regime in the mid-1960s, they were soon silenced by a series of attacks, which included arbitrary arrest, torture under

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interrogation and even murder, on their close lay and clerical associates. Father Jentel's sentence is regarded as a warning to his bishop who has become Enemy No. 1 of the regime.

Dom Pedro Casaldãliga is a 45-year old Spaniard, a small, thin man. His face has been dried out by six years in the Amazonian wilderness, and he has learned to dress, eat and live like the 60,000 peasants scattered throughout a diocese that is bigger than New York State. Dom Pedro has become the accusing voice of Amazonia, just as Dom Helder Camara emerged earlier as that of the parched Northeast. Indeed, most of Dom Pedro's peasants are refugees from the hungry Northeast. "A simple and hard people," he has called them, "migrants wandering in search of a destiny, driven by need, lacking preparation, with hammocks on their backs, numerous children, a skeletal horse, and four cooking pots in the saddle bag."

The government blames him for the biting 15,000-word pastoral issued by the Goiás and Mato Grosso bishops three months ago. The police (military) recently held him and four priests for several days, then beat up the priests. They have arrested all his lay helpers numbering 10 or 12. And Father Jentel is a continuing hostage, always exposed to the risk of torture in jail.

The Jentel problems go back to 1960 when an outgoing state governor sold three million acres, in violation of the law which recognizes squatter rights, to São Paulo industrialists. The price, financed mainly from public funds, was $1 per thousand acres. In 1965, the company hired two soldiers on active duty to help dispossess all the people of Father Jentel's parish of Santa Terezinha, which was part of the transaction.

Even after the presidential ruling of 1967, the company and the local military commanders continued strong-arm methods, using tractors to plow under the people's crops, break down their fences, even destroy their homes. The farmers ran a herd of cattle in common, and in 1969 company men came in and castrated all their bulls. Under strict orders from Father Jentel, the people avoided counterviolence up to March, 1972. That month three carloads of uniformed men with machine guns came to arrest masons who were building a clinic, and the peasants used their hunting guns to drive them off, wounding seven or eight. Father Jentel, who knew nothing of this until later, was reported by a newspaper in the state capital next day as having wounded 11 men with a spray of machine-gun bullets.

Among the more fanciful charges included in the trial were manipulation of large sums of money, ownership of a fleet of well-equipped boats, and possession of agricultural machines of Soviet origin. Donations from France to help start a cooperative were indeed "large," but only in a parish where the average person survives on less than $2 a week. The fleet of boats consists of one outboard and one rowboat, both in constant use in a land of much water and few roads. The tractor is indeed Russian-built. The parish bought it from the government of Brazil .

Bishop Casaldaliga is determined not to be terrorized into silence. Here is his evaluation of the Jentel sentence: "Powerful economic interests and agreements at very high levels are behind the condemnation. They include the Amazonian Association of Grazers, industrial and banking groups—especially from São Paulo and Mins Gerais—the military police, the state government of Mato Grosso, army generals, and top-level people in the federal government. We know, too, that the principal victims of this pseudo-trial are those who live here in the Amazon, the Indians, the small farmers, the agricultural laborers for whom Father Jentel sacrificed himself for 20 years, and for whom he has gone to jail."

Putting the episode in a national perspective, the bishop added: "Simultaneously, in other parts of the country we find brother victims of Father Jentel, namely, the intellectuals, scientists, educators, churchmen, students, workers and small farmers, some identified and others unknown, to say nothing of the big silent majority without a voice and limited for its information to the official propaganda."

Bishop Casaldaliga has promised to continue the struggle on behalf of the people of Santa Terezinha. "This system of big land holdings is injustice personified," he has said. "Our experience confirms the wickedness of big landlords. We have to repudiate this radically unjust social structure. . . . Our church is the people of God in the *sertão* (back country). It is a poor church, oppressed, persecuted. But it is also a church free of vested interests. It seeks neither prestige nor privilege. It is full of hope in the midst of struggle. I would not change it for any other." GARY MACEOIN

(Gary MacEoin's most recent book is Revolution Next Door: Latin America in the 1970's, *published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.)*

COMING

RAYMOND P. BOULANGER writes about the "undesirable" Vietnam veteran:

"It is ironic that public attention has focused on amnesty for a handful of draft evaders (most of whom could adjust easily to civilian life because of their middle-class backgrounds) while ignoring the one-half million former soldiers, often black, uneducated or poor, who because of a bad administrative discharge may find civilian life filled with bitter frustrations and hardships."

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WATERGATE AND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

PETER STEINFELS

HAVING largely foregone the pleasure of coming out slugging in his speech on Watergate, the President did slip in one left hook. The mentality behind Watergate, he explained, actually had its roots in the 1960s when "individuals and groups increasingly asserted the right to take the law into their own hands, insisting that their purposes represented a higher morality."

The notion was not original with Mr. Nixon; it had in fact been voiced in various liberal publications. In the *New York Times,* Tom Wicker compared the Harrisburg and the Watergate conspirators. For Aaron Wildavsky, writing in the latest issue of *Commentary,* "The rationale offered by Daniel Ellsberg for taking and publishing government documents was the same as that offered by the Watergate conspirators—national interest, a higher law. . . ." Indeed by clutching it to his unholy bosom, the President may have rendered ridiculous a budding theory. One imagines John Mitchell poring over Thoreau and Charles Colson starry-eyed about "A Letter from the Birmingham Jail." Kermit Lansner in *Newsweek* and several others have been quick to poke holes in the President's latest rampart of straw.

Still, since the equation of Watergate with the civil disobedience of the civil-rights and anti-war movements has evidently tempted better minds than the President's, it deserves some further analysis. One cannot deny that there are certain resemblances, expressed by phrases such as "taking the law into their own hands" —phrases which, on the other hand, can be, and have been, applied equally to the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and a Southern lynch mob. A tiger and a tabby-cat are both striped, carnivorous mammals of the genus *Felis,* with acute senses and a preference for night-time hunting; but the person who is so struck by these similarities as to ignore certain crucial distinctions may soon be in grave straits. The distinctions between the attitudes informing recent civil disobedience and those informing the activities revealed in connection with Watergate are almost as obvious.

Must one really, for instance, point out that civil disobedience was committed by those who felt almost powerless; and that the various covert activities of the Watergaters were directed by men at the center of government, with millions of dollars at their disposal, as well as many of the resources of traditional secret police organizations?

Civil disobedience involves a protest, an appeal to a "higher morality" which is not merely private but which the protester believes may have some claim upon the community. For this reason, the acts of civil disobedience, and the rationale behind them, are almost always made public—purposely. The Watergate conspirators not only acted in secret but intended to keep those activities cloaked in secrecy forever. If they had a higher morality in mind, they did not appeal to it; indeed, they did not even mention it till asked by an investigating committee.

Civil disobedience was a conscientious step, taken after painful reflection on the alternatives and consequences. One may hold this reflection insufficient or unsubtle, or simply disagree with its conclusions; but there is absolutely no evidence of a corresponding attitude on the part of the Watergaters.

The mark of civil disobedience, from Thoreau to Dan Berrigan, has been its essential non-conformity, its defiance of standing powers and routine compliance. Throughout their testimony (and perhaps most strikingly in the cases of those two individuals whose words raised a shadow of a link with the civil disobedience tradition, Bernard Barker and Jeb Magruder), the Watergate witnesses gave every sign of being the essential conformists. "I was only following orders." It never occurred to me to ask." "When you get an order like that, you don't ask questions." "If Mr. Dean (Mr. Kalmbach, Mr. Erlichman, the President) said it was all right, then I felt confident it was all right." One began with Bernard Barker, who said his job was not to think, and ended with Patrick Gray, who explained he was trained in the Navy where one said "Aye, aye, sir!" and who kept saying "Aye, aye" right up to his present ignominy. It is harsh, but fair and necessary, to raise the question Irving Howe posed in *Dissent:* "Is it hard to see such men working for Hitler or Stalin? fulfilling their assignments with fanatic devotion, even at some personal sacrifice?" In any case, one is at the far side of the moon from civil disobedience.

The President, however, is right about one thing. The attitude behind Watergate "did not suddenly develop in 1972." There was ample precedent for it in the deception and extra-legality which characterized American foreign policy: massive, planned deception of the public, the cover-up of crimes (remember My Lai and the Green Beret killing), unauthorized bombings, illegal ground operations into Laos, Presidential lying about Cambodia. There was also ample precedent in the illegal and politically partisan harassment the F.B.I. has long carried out against radical groups and spokesmen. These activities did not begin with the Nixon Administration, a fact the President offers in justification but which instead only signals the need for a deeper probe by the Ervin Committee.

Meanwhile, we can lay to rest the theory that the real Watergate conspirators were Mohandas Gandhi and Martin Luther King.

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SAVING THE NEIGHBORHOODS

PETER FREIBERG

New trends could lead to fundamental changes in the way cities are governed

Neighborhoods are making a comeback. In the 1950s, with the mass migration to the suburbs underway, the older, close-knit white ethnic neighborhoods were pictured as doomed to extinction. A decade later, the inner-city, predominantly black neighborhoods took the spotlight briefly, but the Vietnam war quickly returned them to the shadows. But today, there is hardly a politician round, from the ward councilman to President Nixon, who isn't talking about saving, preserving and improving neighborhoods. The deterioration of neighborhoods—and how to stop it—has become a major political issue of the seventies.

While political rhetoric has focused largely on crime, concern for "law and order" is only one facet of the new mood at the local level. Neighborhoods that once appeared ready to die without a struggle are now fighting back with surprising ferocity against anything that seems to threaten their cohesion—whether this be court-ordered busing for Chinatown children in San Francisco or a new expressway in Baltimore. The spirit of resistance is reflected in the proliferation of community groups, many of them not only more militant but more sophisticated than previous ones.

Increasingly, these organizations are asking community-oriented planners to help them prepare positive alternatives to the "official" proposals. The local point of view is receiving more coverage in the daily press as well as through the growing number of community weeklies and neighborhood sponsored cable TV shows. And, perhaps most important, in city after city neighborhoods are demanding that least some of City Hall's decision-making powers be transferred to them—a development that could lead to fundamental changes in the way American cities are governed.

The issues arousing neighborhoods vary from city to city, and within cities, but the basic complaint is the same: "Our interests are being ignored." In Boston's largely Irish and Italian Dorchester section, 26 organizations, worried that the influx of thousands of students to a new University of Massachusetts campus will cause rents to skyrocket, have banded together to pressure the school to ease the impact. In New York, a variety of proposals by Mayor John V. Lindsay, ranging from high-rise "luxury" apartments in Manhattan to an expressway through Little Italy to public housing in middle-class areas, have run into vehement, often successful, neighborhood opposition.

And in Chicago, an activist Catholic priest, Rev. Leonard Dubi, founded the Citizens Against Pollution three years ago to force the utilities, steel mills and other firms to reduce pollution. Now called the Citizens Action Program, the mostly blue-collar organization has expanded its targets to include banks which refuse to invest in neighborhoods and Mayor Richard Daley himself. Addressing 1600 people at a CAP convention recently, Fr. Dubi told the delegates, who waved banners inscribed with their neighborhood names, "What we are saying is that Mayor Daley has got to start listening to the neighborhoods and not just to big business and political interests. We'll show everyone how to get accountability from the politicians and the corporations."

The current angry activism has its roots in the neighborhood decline that began in the years following World War II, when hundreds of thousands of lower-middle and middle-class families left the cities to live in the new

PETER FREIBERG *is a staff writer for the* New York Post *specializing in urban affairs.*

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suburban developments. Although many of these families would doubtless have moved in any case, the federal government did much to encourage the migration. Federal Housing Administration mortgages and loans were readily available to suburban—but not city—homeowners. The multi-billion dollar federal highway program made it easy for former city residents to commute to their jobs. Yet federal funds for housing rehabilitation, mass transit and other programs that could have persuaded a number of families to remain in the city were —and still are, to a large extent—non-existent.

But the cities themselves have been far from blameless. Across the country, City Halls have engaged in what can only be called neighborhood-busting. When federal funds were finally offered, they were for inner-city expressways, massive slum clearance programs and the like—and the cities grabbed whatever money they could. The bulldozer destroyed the intricate social fabric —active sidewalk life, small businesses, low-rise buildings and stable population—that had held many neighborhoods together despite serious problems. In some cases, the result was the creation of unattractive, poorly-planned public housing ghettos that soon turned into slums; elsewhere, the displacement of low-income families for "urban renewal" made possible the construction of expensive high-rises that added little to a neighborhood, brought in far less taxes than predicted and ultimately benefited only the speculators and developers.

There was at times strong resistance to such projects, but it was not until Lyndon Johnson's "war on poverty" that a real organizational backbone began to develop in the neighborhoods. Proclaiming "maximum feasible participation" for communities as its goal, the anti-poverty program in effect forced the ghettos to organize to obtain funds. A large number of urban white ethnic communities—poor, but not poor enough—were excluded from the program, but some were eligible and were spurred to organize. Still other white areas became convinced that it was in their interests to organize as the blacks were doing.

The virtual elimination of the anti-poverty program, combined with disillusionment following the heady days of civil rights-black liberation and the staggering problems of everyday ghetto life, has led to a period of relative quiescence in minority communities. Much of the new wave of local organizing is among whites, with college-educated ethnics, many of whom returned to their home neighborhoods after civil rights volunteer work, taking a leading role.

Nevertheless, it is not quite correct to call the white-based efforts an "ethnic movement." It is, of course, true that most of the communities where organizations have sprung up in recent years are populated mainly by Poles, Italians, Irish, Slavs, Germans and Jews. But these organizations, whether CAP in Chicago, the Southeast Community Organization in Baltimore or members of the Pittsburgh Neighborhood Alliance, welcome anyone living within a specific geographical area as a member. The groups tend to be multi-ethnic organizations, dealing with issues such as city services, taxes, pollution—problems that transcend any one ethnic group. As Baltimore Councilwoman Barbara Mikulski put it, "The character may be ethnic but the impetus is the issues." And the issues revolve around what is happening in the neighborhoods.

Desperation

At the root of neighborhood militancy is a feeling of desperation shared by many residents. Having once regarded their communities as oases of stability in a changing world, they now find themselves in a beleaguered position. And while there is strong resentment against slumlords, politicians and bureaucrats who have so clearly played a part in the deterioration process, there is also a good deal of hatred and fear of the ultimate victims of the process—poor black and Spanish-speaking people. "Changing neighborhoods" rarely change for the better, and many whites do not look below the surface for the causes of the downslide.

Bureaucratic planning, however, does not ease racial tension—it only worsens it. It should not be surprising that busing has engendered such bitterness, for busing, with its implicit rejection of the "neighborhood school," symbolizes the kind of decision-making that has so often damaged or even destroyed decent neighborhoods. As Christopher Lasch observed in the *New York Review of Books,* "Rightly or wrongly, busing is identified with the disintegration of formerly close-knit ethnic neighborhoods, the collapse of schools that were once a source of local pride, the growth of crime, spiraling tax rates and the collapse of the city itself."

Similarly, the controversy over a public housing project proposed by Mayor Lindsay for Forest Hills, a mostly Jewish area of private homes and apartment buildings, provided a noteworthy example of insensitive planning. The initial blunder was made in the site choice itself: Forest Hills was picked not because of its suitability, but because it was felt that a "liberal Jewish" neighborhood would create less fuss over the prospect of poor blacks moving in than the first preference, an Italian area, had stirred up. City officials refused to acknowledge that community concerns about crime in and near the project had any validity. There was no effort to work out a *quid pro quo*—promising the community more police, or subway cars, or *something* in exchange for a project it feared. And despite Lindsay's often-stated policy of community participation, no weight was given to the opposition of the local planning board, an official advisory body to the city. There was no recognition that perhaps a local community should have a say in whether a large project should be built in its midst.

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After the start of construction sparked massive protests, Lindsay was forced to cut the project in half. Even more important, it is doubtful that any New York mayor in the near future will attempt to implement a broad program of placing public housing in middle-class neighborhoods. This is unfortunate, for such a program *is* a worthwhile goal, but one that cannot be attained by ramming plans formulated at a distance down the throats of angry, fearful people who have no reason to trust such plans on the basis of past experience. At the minimum, the city must be prepared to consult, negotiate and compromise.

The majority of neighborhood organizations are unquestionably middle-class oriented. "We have sympathy with the poor," said Chicago's Fr. Dubi, "but basically we have our own interests. We are middle class, but we don't get the services in return for our taxes."

It is quite possible, however, that the poor, too, will benefit from the activities of such groups. CAP, for example, is currently planning an attack on the banks' policy of "redlining" neighborhoods, marking these areas as unsuitable for investment. This practice encourages block-busting and the development of racially segregated neighborhoods. At the same time, CAP is attempting to get the city to maintain—and even increase—the level of services in mixed neighborhoods.

In Chicago, as elsewhere, the withdrawal of services once blacks start moving in has been a major factor in the growth of slums. Dubi also believes that the efforts of middle-class groups to hold governmental and private institutions "accountable" for their actions can provide poor people with a powerful ally in their own struggle in this area.

The issue of "accountability" is intertwined with that of decentralization and community control. Over the last century, American cities have become increasingly centralized. First, independent towns such as Harlem and Watts were incorporated into major cities. Then came a growing concentration of power in the executive and a consequent loss of neighborhood influence. Reformers and liberals generally welcomed this trend in the belief that it would improve efficiency and eliminate corruption. It was not until black and Hispanic parents began demanding community control over their schools, hospitals and other institutions a few years ago that the first contemporary urban challenge to centralization took place. Today, many neighborhoods are urging at least some measure of decentralization.

Where cities have responded at all, their answer has been some form of "administrative" decentralization. Some cities, such as Baltimore and New York, have experimented with delegating more authority to the district sanitation superintendent, the police precinct captain and other district personnel in an effort to improve services. A few cities, including Boston, have established Little City Halls to enable community residents to bypass red tape. But neither experiment involves setting up a structure of neighborhood government with policy-making powers.

Critics of decentralization contend that nothing would get done if neighborhoods possessed substantive powers; citywide interests would be ignored, they say, in favor of petty local interests. This argument betrays not only a lack of faith in the ability of citizens to make rational decisions based on the common good, but a misunderstanding of how city governments function.

There is no indication to date that City Halls have given much consideration to citywide interests. Instead, the lack of neighborhood input has allowed real estate, financial and big-labor interests to dominate the decision-making apparatus. Moreover, if neighborhoods gain some control over how funds are spent, a powerful constituency may eventually be built to demand a change in federal priorities to funnel more money into the cities. At present, appeals by mayors for more federal aid are heard with a distinct lack of enthusiasm by their own electorates, who are suspicious about the uses to which the money will be put.

The powers of neighborhood governments should be a subject of debate and experiment. Milton Kotler, a fellow at the private Institute for Policy Studies in Washington and author of the book, *Neighborhood Government,* advocates neighborhood control of all publicly supported services, such as police and education. At the grass roots, the demands are generally more moderate. "What we in CAP want," said Fr. Dubi, "is more decision-making in the local communities. We still want a central government."

A central government in the cities is obviously required, and some services may lend themselves to regional authority. But the pressing need now is to reverse gears and move toward a balance between City Hall and the neighborhoods just as relations between Washington and the states and the President and Congress appear to be changing.

Jane Jacobs, the city-planning critic and author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* noted in a recent interview that the era of faith in "so-called expert opinion" seems to be ending, "now that every-

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one's had an opportunity to see what messes the experts have made." People, she said, "don't want neighborhood government just for an ego trip. They want it desperately because they want a say in how things should be and what changes should be made—and their instincts on this are absolutely right."

Whether enough support for these fundamental changes will be forthcoming to make them a reality remains doubtful. Neighborhood government will clearly not be won without a struggle, for City Hall will not give up power easily. But here and there, a start is being made, as people realize that it is up to them to take the initiative in solving their own problems.

In Sunset Park in Brooklyn, a mixed Italian and Puerto Rican section, Tony Giordano, a young schoolteacher, has organized a Village Council composed of representatives of various block associations. His aim is to develop a broadly-based group that will hold city agencies accountable for their performances.

"We're taking neighborhood government," said Giordano. "We're not waiting for them to give it to us. When the City Charter is eventually revised, we'll be all set. We'll have structures so that when more power comes in, we'll be ready to handle it."

SURVIVAL KIT FOR PUBLIC HOUSING

J. S. FUERST

The focus of certain civil libertarians sometimes knifes into housing programs

Public housing, which presently numbers over a million units in this country, is in deep trouble. No doubt of it at all. Public housing is in trouble because from the beginning of the program 35 years ago the real estate and conservative communities, joined most of the time by the media, have categorized public housing as a mark of second-class citizenship and have been able to restrict it to the worst sites and worst conditions. Through their efforts, cost limitations have been imposed that made it poverty-oriented and unworkable in our middle-class society, with structures identifiable only as penitentiaries, pre-cemeteries, or massive conglomerations of the very poor.

The administrators of the public housing program have not greatly helped. Generally speaking, the programs have been administered by timid rather than bold men, men of modest talents rather than outstanding ones. Under such circumstances, the possibilities of circumventing the restrictive legislative provisions, bad press, or bad court decisions have not been great.

And such bad court decisions save not helped. Civil libertarians more interested in fighting to the last ditch for the mildest infraction of civil liberties than in any solution of the public programs they were thereby crippling, have plunged a knife deep into the housing programs. Local court decisions have prohibited evictions of bad tenants, have restricted even reasonable admission regulations of the housing authorities, and have prohibited the authorities (who are already excessively restricted by local communities) from building where they wanted.

Even social agencies haven't helped. Certainly they have been glad to use the public housing agencies as the repository for families whom they couldn't help and who had deplorable housing. As many families as the housing authorities took, there was always "another needy one." No self-restraint was used, not recognizing that a project has a very real "tipping point" for such families. Moreover the agencies did not pour in the social services because in all fairness they could not concentrate *their* limited resources on one segment of the community such as the projects. When all these difficulties were coupled with a national Administration that had no urge to build enough housing to serve low- and moderate-income families, this was bound to spell trouble.

Where are we now? We have about one million conventional public housing units in urban areas, most of which serve families who are not self-supporting and who receive the bulk of their income from either public assistance, pensions, unemployment, or veterans' compensation. Not only are most of these families receiving one or more forms of public assistance, but many of them are victims of serious social pathology for which no housing and probably few social agencies can legitimately provide effective help.

This then, in a broad general way, is the picture we are facing today in conventional public housing.

A few years ago the Johnson Administration, observing the plight of and apparently unwilling to believe that there was any real means of improving the existing programs, offered a new program in the form of tax subsidies to private industry to provide subsidized hous-

J. S. FUERST, *assistant director of the Graduate Program in Urban Studies at Chicago's Loyola University, is the author of the forthcoming* Public Housing in Europe and America *(John Wiley & Sons).*

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ing. During the past 3-4 years, about 500,000 units were built under these programs and provided some "people shelter" for the poor but enormous "tax shelters" for others.

But this subsidy program is also running into serious trouble. Despite the glowing prospects of a low-moderate income, low-rent program operated by private industry, there seem to be many pitfalls. In many cities even *these* projects cannot be placed in "good" areas because the local politicos are afraid to take a chance on apartments that may have the same tenant character as public housing. As a result many of these "236" projects as well as "221-d3"s were located in less desirable areas. This caused further difficulties in obtaining good tenants.

One of the primary difficulties in these projects is that vacancy losses, rent collection problems, and high maintenance costs are plaguing them much as they do public housing. Moreover, they experience very high local taxes relative to their rent, and many of them are on the verge of failure because their rents do not enable them to meet expenses. This is causing great concern among sponsors, and even among such organizations as the National Association of Home Builders because in the last few years these subsidy programs represented 28 percent of all housing constructed. Needless to say, while the shutting off of public housing caused no great havoc among businessmen and other investors, the stopping of subsidy programs shut off significant tax benefits for some important fat cats, causing screams of pain.

Aside from the publicly subsidized, privately owned housing units, where does this leave the public housing program of one million units? In short, what can be done to salvage the existing programs? To prove that this question is neither theoretical nor frivolous we have only to look at St. Louis' Pruitt Igoe, which is being torn down at least in part, at boarded-up projects in Providence, R.I., at Cabrini-Green and Robert Taylor in Chicago with 20 percent or so vacancies—and more to come. These conditions, coupled with the suggestion in many quarters that they be sold back to private enterprise, means that some actions have to be taken if the public housing program is not to be physically destroyed or returned to private hands. Seeing as we do the ever-growing number of abandoned low-rent apartments —15,000 a year in Chicago and perhaps 700,000 in the nation—and knowing how little standard housing is being made available, it may be taken for granted that some government housing is necessary. Certainly the housing that is presently in operation cannot afford to be scrapped. What actions are necessary to keep this stock going?

First, in our local housing authorities we must secure administrators and commissioners who are genuinely interested in and dedicated to public housing. A soon-to-be-published book by Anthony Downs, the executive vice-president of Real Estate Research Corporation and a privately-oriented housing economist, made the point that public housing has failed not because of the nature of the subsidy but because of its administration plus the fact that it has been directed toward solving problems which are outside its sphere of competence. Furthermore, said Downs, to be successful it must be operated by people truly dedicated to the principle of public housing. That this is not merely an empty observation is attested to by a 1969 article in the *Journal of Housing*, a publication of the National Association of Housing and Redevelopment Officials, in which it was indicated that more than half of the present Commissioners of Public Housing did not believe in the possibility of public housing success. This must be changed.

Now, once we have administrators and boards who are really interested in public housing, what can be done? Several changes must be made simultaneously. The first and most important is a change in public image. It must be beaten, pounded and drummed into the general public mind—specifically the would-be eligibles as well as the neighborhood residents of possible future public housing sites—that this program is for low- and moderate-income *workers*, for workers who cannot afford private, unsubsidized housing. This does not mean that welfare recipients or pension recipients or those on unemployment compensation cannot be admitted. On the other hand the program can not, as heretofore, be overwhelmed or dominated by these groups (particularly second- or third-generation public assistance recipients) so that these groups set the tone of the project. In short, public assistance recipients and broken families will form no greater proportion of public housing projects than they do of the low-moderate income segment of the community.

Bad as the present housing market is, with large numbers of abandoned units and with many more characterized by bad maintenance and consequent deterioration, turnover still is high and getting higher in public housing. A recent Welfare Council survey of a number of Chicago public housing projects reported an attitude of many tenants that "they were there only as a last desperate resort and were waiting to find something else." Reasons are not hard to find.

What must be done in the housing authorities is to hold the available units that become vacant until good tenants can be found. In many badly located, badly built projects this presents a mammoth job but it can be done if there are radical changes in the projects themselves. In a few projects the needed changes may be less radical. At least in theory, newspapers, radio and television should be able to contribute significantly to improving the public housing image. Media that have been able to do such an effective job of selling soap, political candidates and the jingoism that passes for Americanism, should be able to sell a new point of view

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in public housing. This assumes, of course, that they will recognize that otherwise we are wasting $15 to $20 billion worth of housing as the public housing program withers away, taking with it many worthwhile neighborhoods.

Now what must the authorities themselves do in the form of changes in planning, if public housing is to become adaptable?

- Change the name of many of the projects and break up the larger projects into separate operations, psychologically if not administratively.
- Improve the landscaping and play areas as well as the general view of the projects so as to make them look less poverty-oriented than they do at present.
- Convert some of the vacant apartments to community facilities such as arts and crafts centers, libraries, community meeting centers, day nurseries, class and study rooms, infant welfare clinics, etc.
- Simultaneously bring in more health, educational and recreational services and agencies as well as more commercial facilities.
- Sharply reduce the total density and curtail the number of children per apartment (A 1970 study by social planning associations in Chicago, conducted for the Chicago Housing Authority, and the Oscar Newman study in New York, *Defensible Space*, which was originally conducted for the N.Y.C. Housing Authority, indicate that crime is less in projects where there are fewer children and fewer persons per unit.) This could be done by converting some of the larger apartments to smaller ones, thus reducing the number of children per apartment.
- Finally, screen the tenancy and weed out as painlessly as possible the hard-core delinquent and antisocial families who have not been able to adjust to project living and who are making it difficult and unpleasant for others.

The first question that is asked, sometimes by social workers who need to feel that they have done something for their "untreatables," sometimes by those who *want* to see public housing fail, and sometimes by genuinely interested but inexperienced observers, is, "What happens to the evicted families?" Some of the families can be relocated in "halfway houses," rehabilitated old houses operated either by local authorities or subsidized groups, until they can better adjust to project living. In some cases where the family situation is intolerable, courts may be used to break up the family and place the children. In some cases the families may return to private housing.

While such return may seem retrogressive, it is only realistic to recognize that not all social pathology is curable. When the problem is one of the program itself surviving or sinking and there are no real alternatives, then evictions must be made. If the program collapses, as it has done in a number of places, *all* the families will have to find other places. It is far better to prevent this from happening by the bold step of evicting those few who are causing the collapse. When a patient has a gangrenous leg, there are times when surgery is necessary to save his life. The patient in this case is public housing itself.

Actually, the eviction of tenants who are seriously damaging the project should not be too difficult because they are frequently sufficiently openly disruptive or laggard in payment of rent so as to provide perfectly valid reasons. Justice Douglas said in stopping the Housing Authority of Durham from evicting a tenant who organized a tenant's union, "This does not mean that a public housing authority is powerless to evict a tenant. A tenant may be evicted if it is shown that he is destroying the fixtures, defacing the walls, disturbing other tenants by boisterous conduct, as well as for a number of other reasons which impair the successful operation of the housing project."

Several examples of how to change the tenancy come to mind. Patrick Feeney, Executive Director of the local housing authority in Columbus, Ohio, describes how Langdon Courts housing project, which had considerable crime and social disorganization, was emptied of low-income tenants. Some were placed in other projects, some in leased housing, and some back in ordinary private housing, while the project was renovated into units for the elderly.

Another equally interesting example was a privately operated project in the "236" program in Kankakee, Illinois, where the first local manager accepted tenants most of whom were Black and most on welfare. The project became unmanageable, with great rent delinquency and considerable disruption. The owner-sponsor-manager recognized that if these conditions continued, failure was certain. Within a twelve-month period he emptied the project of all but 15 percent of the tenants. He replaced them mainly with low-income workers allowing about 30 percent welfare families. These latter families, however, he obtained on referral from the local public assistance agency after explaining to the welfare executives that it was imperative that the project have only those welfare families with good prognoses, who were likely to benefit from living in such a project. Likewise he believed that the project, located in a fringe neighborhood, should not have more than 30 percent Black occupancy. When he was asked what happened to the original residents he said that "They went back where they came from in order to make room for other families who could benefit and progress in the housing."

All these suggestions require considerable cooperation of the housing authority with the welfare agencies, the courts, the Black and Spanish-American communities, and of course the media, to see that they do not again press the authority to the wall. Only with such policies will housing authorities continue to survive and be able

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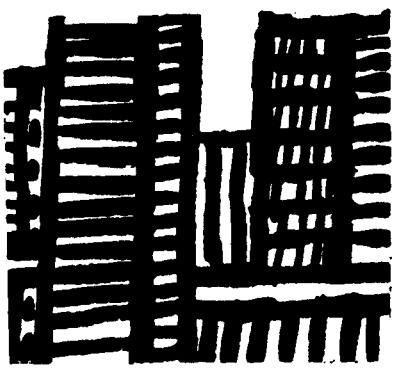
to provide housing for at least a few "hard-core families." The remaining hard-core families can only be served by a massive low-moderate income program in which their numbers will be diluted. As Monsignor Vincent Cooke, the long-term administrator of the Catholic Charities of the Chicago Archdiocese, said, "Only if these families have many models to look up to is there any chance of good prognosis for them and their children."

Equal in importance to reducing the density and improving the quality of the tenancy through eviction is the raising of income levels so as to obtain a good cross section of the low-moderate income group. The model to be kept in mind is the statistical profile of the low- and moderate-income group. In New York City, for example, the income levels have recently been raised



to $9,000 for a family of four persons. However, the raising of income levels is of no consequence unless the admission policy keeps pace with the regulations. In Chicago and many other places, while the admission limit is only $6,000 for a family of four and up to $8,000 for larger families, the median income for the families admitted has been around $3,000, thus rendering useless the higher income limits.

All this requires widespread public information with massive help from newspapers, periodicals, TV, radio, and all other forms of the media to the effect that the new program is going to be different. This will not be easy to do with a public that has been accustomed to think of public housing as being only for the most seriously socially disadvantaged and mostly Black families. The *Chicago Daily News* of October 15, 1972, at the time when new sites were being considered for public housing in the city, reported that letters were pouring in to the housing authority, 98 percent of which were from citizens protesting against any new public housing projects in their area. Another *Daily News* article reported that in suburban areas only 2 out of 103 areas were even willing to "talk" about public housing programs and those two were Flossmoor and Northbrook, two high-land-cost, upper-middle-class areas where the possibility of placing public housing projects was remote. Even Evanston, the home of Northwestern University and generally a very liberal suburb, seemed to be highly dubious about accepting public housing. This is, of course, not to be wondered at when the Chairman of the Chicago Housing Authority boasts about public housing's taking care of the "very neediest." Court decisions also spell out the necessity of making a place for "the poor." No suburb or city, middle- or lower-middle-class area, wants to radically change the character of its community. Partly as a result of these narrowed visions of local authorities and liberal groups, projects have been forced into such bad locations that upward-striving, low-moderate income families, Black or white, will not move in. Public housing was not meant for "unemployable hard-core poor" but for workers and for the low-moderate income segment of the population who cannot afford existing private housing. Yet this intransigent attitude of the CHA is supported by many local liberal groups who are completely unable to see that the remaking of the image of public housing *in the city* is an indispensable prerequisite to placing any public housing whatever in suburban areas.

Where the problem is not existing projects but the construction of new ones, the program is different. Here it is of great importance to reassure the community in which new projects are to be placed of the willingness of the authority to hold the lid on quotas: quotas of race, quotas of low-income families, quotas of families receiving public assistance, quotas of broken families, and quotas of children. In all cases the receiving community must be assured that neither the community nor its schools will have their character materially altered. In this suggestion it is assumed that new projects (and there will be some eventually from state and local if not federal funds) will be built in areas hitherto untouched by public housing.

This leaves open the great question of building in the Black areas, areas which are being abandoned today—Hough in Cleveland, Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn, many sections of the Bronx, Lawndale and Woodlawn in Chicago. Probably the most important factor in the new way of looking at public housing must be the building in Black areas. Heretofore this has been a "no no" because it has meant displacement of Black families with no new housing for them, and the erection of new slums. Chicago more than any other city has been a battleground where in 1948-55 many battles were fought to build in outlying vacant land, city or suburban, in order to prevent Black slum clearance and Black family displacement. Unfortunately the battle was lost and Black slum clearance took place. In short, the pendulum had swung again. Because of the slum clearance that occurred, and because of the great amount of abandonment and consequent demolition programs, there are now vast areas in Black-occupied communities that are vacant and natural sites for building. Shortsighted attorneys and courts have used 1948-55 liberal positions to say that housing cannot be built in these

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areas because of Black displacement. They have coupled this with emphasis on the horrors of the existing gargantuan housing projects and have not recognized that it is possible to build low-rise and medium-rise housing projects which could be in enormous demand.

More far-sighted social scientists, while recognizing clearly that integration must push ahead in outlying areas, also recognize the felt need in Black areas for housing, integrated or not. And it is in these areas that much housing can be built. This is not to fall into previous errors of building exclusively in these areas, but it will help to break the bottlenecks being caused by such naive decisions in planning as the Gautreaux decision in Chicago which was echoed in Philadelphia and other courts and in some of the federal agencies.

On the other hand, in order to make any change in image, as the occasional new project is built—and what with the federal holdback there are not likely to be more than a few—they can be at the outset "vest pocket" projects of 150-200 units, of much the same type as the present privately subsidized "236"s and "221-d 3"s. These are more likely to win community acceptance than anything larger. This also means an end to the principle of infinitesimal housing project units, known as scattered sites, 4 or 5 to a site, because such projects are not viable either management- or development-wise. They require much more management service per unit, and are impossible to provide social services for. They are, moreover, as Europeans—who have infinitely more experience in public and non-profit housing—would tell us, economically impossible. Likewise, if they are to serve only the very poorest families, which is the only reason for making them so small, they become pockets of infection and incurable at that, because there is no dilution of the problem, no models, and the residents are easily identifiable.

There are those who say that public housing is finished, and that the future lies with publicly subsidized, privately owned programs. Certainly some of the existing "vest pocket" projects are living proof that this type of project, in units of 150-500, is viable. Nevertheless, closer looks are needed. Are these projects managing? If not, is it merely because of high property taxes? Are they really capable of handling at minimum expense to the taxpayer the program of serving the low-moderate income family? Is it worth the large tax subsidy in the form of income tax exemptions presently being allowed? Is it worth the local tax exemptions which so many of them seem to require if they are to be viable? Could they not be managed as well or better by public operators, with less expense to the taxpayer? (Norman Watson, former deputy secretary of housing, indicated that the present subsidy allows to the sponsors about 17.5 percent return on their money even before cash flow.)

There are reasons for believing that many of the private operators will fail. What will happen will be most interesting. With the growth of state housing agencies, mostly to operate or supervise moderate income housing but some to supervise low-rent housing, new familiarity exists. What could happen is that although the local public housing programs would like to take over the failing "236"s or "221-d3"s from FHA, the state agency would be a much more likely possibility. It might well be that under the aegis of the state housing agency, the program could continue as a public moderate- to low-income program. It would not have the stigma attached to public housing now and might easily be a transitional form even for some present public housing operated by local authorities. It is certainly a possibility worth considering since it would also make placement of housing in greater metropolitan areas easier.

MOVIES A TO Z

THE SCREEN

Robert Aldrich has apparently had some trouble with the title for his new film. When first released, this Lee Marvin-Ernest Borgnine scrimmage was called *Emperor of the North Pole*. But the moviegoers became confused: they thought the film was *about* the North Pole. (There's just no predicting the stupidity of the public.) As any publicity man will tell you, you can't get nobody to see no picture about no icebergs in the summer—emperors, maybe, but not icebergs. So after a series of high-level executive meetings hurriedly scheduled at Twentieth Century Fox to deal with the emergency, it was decided to change the title to . . . *Emperor of the North*.

The trouble Aldrich has had with a title for the film is not unlike the trouble he has had with the dialogue in the film. A judicious deletion of every fifth word might have benefited the whole script as much as it did the title. Aldrich's reputation is for terse action films —most notably, *The Dirty Dozen*—but this time he has let his scriptwriter, Christopher Knopf, throw in a lot of yakety-yak as well.

The story has to do with a notorious Depression hobo (Marvin) who wants to ride "all the way to Portland" on a freight whose trainman (Borgnine) is equally notorious for keeping hobos off. Any hobo who could ride this man's train would be acknowledged by all as "emperor of the North Pole." The film has the usual, outlandish violence of Aldrich's work. It begins with a man being knocked off a train with a hammer and cut in half under the wheels, and ends with Marvin chopping pieces out of Borgnine with a fire axe. Such fights always seem artificial to me, as if the director

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had first decided on the weapons and the wounds to be inflicted, and then searched for a story to go around them. But this time the artificiality of the action is as nothing compared to that of the dialogue, every line of which is spoken in some imagined argot of the train-yard and the hobo jungle. I used to think it all right for doting critics to tell action directors that their work is a kind of poetry. It's a lot of hooey, but where is the harm? Now I see the harm is that the director may begin to believe it, and *Emperor of the North (Pole)* will be the result.

Though Fred Zinneman has also done some action films, his reputation is rather the opposite of Aldrich's. If Aldrich had worked in Hollywood during the thirties, it would have been at Warner Brothers, perhaps on the pictures produced by Hal Wallis. But Zinneman would have been at MGM working under production chief Irving Thalberg, who was acclaimed for being Hollywood's highbrow. The fact is that Zinneman was working at MGM a few years ago when James Aubrey became president. Still riding on the success of *A Man for All Seasons,* Zinneman was then in the pre-production stages of a project he had hoped to do for years: André Malraux's *Man's Fate*. But Aubrey was no Thalberg. Once he realized that several million dollars had already been spent without one foot of film having been shot, he fired Zinneman and cancelled the picture.

Because of the debacle of *Man's Fate,* I can't help thinking of *The Day of the Jackal*, the film Zinneman has now done for Universal instead, as a kind of consolation prize—a cheap imitation of the Malraux classic made into a tacky substitute for the film Zinneman originally had in mind. Nor can I imagine what Zinneman himself saw in the Frederick Forsyth novel on which his film is based, despite its long tenure on the best-seller list. *A Man for All Seasons* was purely a character study. But now, as if he had forgotten what interested him so much just a few years ago, Zinneman has made a film in which there is no character to study.

The only character potentially interesting is Lebel (Michel Lonsdale), the shambling, unkempt detective from French Security. But we don't really see enough of him to get to know him. The central character is of course his nemesis, the Jackal (Edward Fox), who is by design an enigma and non-character. The Jackal is a free-lance assassin hired by the O.A.S. to kill De Gaulle; and in order to seem sinister enough for the job, he remains an emotional and moral cipher. He eludes the police by adopting a series of disguises so successful they seem to imply he has no real identity of his own beneath them. Even his motivation for attempting the assassination is blurred, as if he must be unpredictable enough to escape us the way he does the police. In the end he remains anonymous, known to us as well as Lebel only by his code name, Jackal, because the "make" French Security has on him turns out to be a false lead. Although they use it to track him down, he's not the man they thought, and neither they nor we know whom they are burying after Lebel kills him.

In order to keep the Jackal from showing some trait of personality or feeling, the filmmakers have to keep him moving. He must not be allowed to linger too long in any relationship with another human being. One might think that this necessity would at least create opportunities to develop a plot, but even as a plot, a straight suspense thriller, *The Day of the Jackal* is compromised. We can certainly not be kept in any suspense about whether the Jackal will succeed in his plan, for we know that no one ever did assassinate De Gaulle. Unable to keep us on the edge of our seats wondering about the outcome, the film tries to keep us in our seats wondering instead how the Jackal will make his doomed attempt.

This is the only possible source of suspense left, though the film must go through a good deal of contrivance to exploit it. First we must be shown a lot of scenes where the Jackal steals passports, has driver's licenses forged, fakes birth certificates, buys old clothes, procures a stockless rifle, etc. The purpose is to arouse our curiosity about how he will use all this stuff, but the effect is to let us spend half the movie watching an inscrutable man engage in an incomprehensible activity. This seems to me a pretty vacant-minded form of entertainment. The only questions that the film raises are, What is this gadget for, or, How will he use that disguise? The answers reduce *The Day of the Jackal* to a movie merely about gear, and devoid of any human drama.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

JACK LINDEMAN

VISITATION

He being near or far
is a very high wind
furrowing distances,
singing thru clouds,
singing among antennae
of human despair
a knowledge which embraces
without arms,
taps archipelagos & littorals,
blossoms at treetops
& the strut of slated roofs
without fingers.
Each eyebrow visited
is skimmed by a wingtip;
each palpitation of pulsebeats or hair
knows the invisible kinship.

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THE CAMERA AS THE EYE OF GOD

DENNIS O'BRIEN

Diane Arbus

THE central aspects of the Catholic Mass as a human performance should be regarded as among the oddest pieces of behavior imaginable. That we don't see the gestures of priest and people as bizarre may be a testimony to transforming grace or to the ability of routine to dull the most extraordinary actions. Imagine, if one can, anyone outside the church standing in front of a large group of people and saying "This is my body." It would be odd enough to do that in itself without trying to claim that the piece of bread he held at hand was his body. The first gesture calls our attention to the man's body in a way for which we have no understandable context. "This is my hat!," "This is my wife!" are sentences with acceptable contexts, but how can a man lose his body or seek to introduce it to another? "This is my body" uttered by a man while pointing to himself is a statement which is true enough, one supposes, even if we don't get the point of it all; "this is my body" pointing at something *else*—another's body, a piece of bread —not only lacks context, it appears to be just false.

I am led to these curious theological reflections by way of trying to understand the powerful effect of the late Diane Arbus' photographs (*An Aperture Monograph*, Millerton, N. Y., $9.50). A great majority of the photographs are of "freaks": midgets, giants, a hermaphrodite, transvestites. One scales more or less back to normality through circus performers, nudists and topless dancers. Some of the people *seem* straight: twins in the park, a Fifth Avenue matron, society ball masqueraders. The final photographs, untitled, descend into the totally abnormal in a deeply disturbing set of pictures of a costume party at an institution for the retarded. Perverse, cruel, voyeurism on human suffering, Arbus has been accused of that —and there are complex spiritual problems raised by the position of photographer of the afflicted—but it is difficult for Christians who choose for their emblem Christ crucified, to deny the reality of pain or to wholly avert their eyes from suffering.

Of course, one of the reasons that people are not profoundly upset sitting before most paintings or statues of Christ crucified is because the figure does *not* say, "This is a (my) body." As Kenneth Clark points out in his book on the nude, the trick of painting the human body is to prevent its being a naked body by clothing it in graceful gesture. One of the reasons that the nude has been such a fascinating subject for painting is the daring of it all —the transmutation of naked bodies into expressive form. Byzantine painters portrayed the nakedness of Christ as a kind of "costume body," like a skeleton costume one might wear at a masquerade, only in this case it is a cartoon body, not bones. Renaissance painters and their ecclesiastical sucsors clothe nakedness in gesture so that the body is always beyond itself in eternal repose or purposeful action. The crucifix above the parish altar in whatever seventy-seventh remove it may be from genuine artistic quality resolutely refuses to be a naked body, to have the Jesus image say, "This is my body." The disturbing aspect of Arbus' photographs is that her subjects say this so clearly.

It would seem obvious that the emphasis on the body must be present in photographs of midgets, giants, obese nudists and the other assembled freaks. ("Freaks" is Arbus' own word and it is not meant in any pejorative sense. She says, "Most people go through life dreading they'll have a traumatic experience. Freaks were born with their trauma. They've already passed their test in life. They're aristocrats.") The widely reproduced photograph of a Jewish giant at home with his parents obviously calls our attention to bodies as we see the grotesque gigantism of the youth looming over his parents. But if Arbus' photographs relied on the bodily grotesqueness of subject matter alone they would fail to be moving in the way that medical textbook illustrations are emotionally dry. What Arbus achieves is a potentiation of the body, a reiteration of "This is my body," a resonance of effects and counter-effects which finally yields the revelation of art rather than the information of a clinical illustration.

First of all let us consider the fact that we are dealing with photographs. The sensible thing to say about photography seems to be that it is a "realistic" medium. Many painters in the early days of photography were immensely relieved by the advent of this new technique since they felt that it released them from the need to copy nature. The realism of the photograph released the painter to freer fancy—and much of twentieth century abstract art seems to follow from such an evaluation. Basically, I believe this judgment is wrong. Photography is essentially surreal: the camera does not see as the eye sees; it sees as the eye never sees. The eye of the camera scans everything with absolute indifference. In a

DENNIS O'BRIEN *is Dean of Middlebury College in Vermont.*

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simple Arbus photograph a man is standing beside a mailbox watching a parade on Fifth Avenue. The camera is just as interested in the bland and battered box as it is in the gesture of the man holding his hat over his heart. To be sure, photographers will compose, arrange, gimmick in the darkroom to accentuate and shade, but finally we are not fooled, the scene has all come together in an instant of indifferent attention. A successful aesthetic for still photography must realize this equanimity of the camera's eye (the aesthetics of film is very different indeed). Photographs which attempt the modeling and tactile values of painters are usually sham. The painter is essentially selective, his hand "sees" as the human eye sees, abstracting constantly from the totality of the given. In this sense painted portraits are more "realistic" than photographs. Even in cases where painters set out to imitate photographs as in the work of photo-realists like Richard Estes, the effect is not the same. We feel the fact that the painting has been put together piece by piece over time and involves thousands of minute choices. The photograph we feel as the work of an instant, a concrescence of an image out of a given field, not the additive construction of an image.

Arbus is an absolute photographer who utilizes the essential character of the medium. The works we see are clearly *photographs* and nothing else but. Even the way the photographs are printed emphasizes their existence *as* photographs. Instead of the clean-cut edges of conventional darkroom technique we get blurring off of the negative onto the paper and the dark edges and blots of light streaks at the very edge. The technique says: "This is a photograph." The photograph is, as we said, an instant mechanical concrescence of form rather than the build-up of form out of thousands of individual human gestures as in a painting. Arbus saw photographs in this manner. At first she regarded this as only a technical point, "In the beginning of photographing I used to make very grainy things. I'd be fascinated by what the grain did because it would make a kind of tapestry of all these little dots and everything would be translated into this medium of dots. Skin would be the same as water would be the same as sky. . . ." Later this mechanical indifference of the dots becomes the equanimity of the vision which sees all things both great and small as one and at once.

This equanimity of the camera's eye may be used to accomplish different effects. In the photographs of Cartier-Bresson the *accidental* conjunction of people and things is arrested in a moment of vision. Arbus is not, however, a photographer of the accidental occurrence. The typical Arbus subject is posed. Subjects stare straight into the eye of the camera, arresting themselves, presenting themselves to the camera. A set of triplets poses in a bedroom, the winners of a children's dance contest strike an attitude, a girl in a circus costume smiles sweetly at the camera while the wind whips her cloak and flesh denies her satin panties, a nude man poses as a woman. Many of the photographs record important occasions that aren't really important—like winning the senior citizens' dance contest—and a casual look might suggest the formal news-shot for the local paper. Arbus speaks of how she was impressed by an album of Instamatic photos taken by a prostitute of her customers—not pornography, just snapshots of guys sitting on beds in motel rooms. Arbus' photos are snapshots grown great.

If Cartier-Bresson's photographs surprise and delight us by catching human figures accidentally snatched up into unintended patterns of meaning and grace, Arbus' photographs disturb us because they present people posing their meaning, asserting their being but having that meaning always and in every way threatened or betrayed. The subjects have composed themselves, asserted their formal self, but the camera's "indifference" profoundly questions their best, worst, or bravest pose. It is true, as Hilton Kramer says, that the subjects have dignity, but it stands at the verge of destruction.

Take the simplest of Arbus' expressive gestures. She is fascinated by multiples: twins, triplets, two girls in the same bathing suits or raincoats. Why? Well, if you have carefully composed yourself, costumed yourself for the world and there is somebody *else* in the same suit, who are you anyway? And if it is difficult to face the world with the same bathing suit as everyone else, what do you do if there is someone else with the same *face?* Only of course it isn't *quite* the same. One might be flattered by perfect imitation but close and yet different suggests parody or a demonic *doppelgänger.* Spirit might compose one flesh, but two or three? Self-composure escapes in the body of a twin.

Twins, triplets and even people with the same swimsuit are relatively rare, however, but consider another simple gesture which repeats itself often in Arbus photographs: the face behind the face. There are numerous masquerade pictures which obviously make the point of a "divided self." A photograph of a young Puerto Rican woman heavily made up so that the features lie hopelessly submerged behind the adopted face of conventional sensuality. One of the characteristics of many of the portrait shots is the oily texture of the skin. Arbus apparently used flash a good deal—which again accentuates the chill impartiality of the photographic technique by washing the entire scene in indifferent, unmodeled light—and the flash picks up the sheen of chin or nose. Even in the most carefully constructed face, a perfect dry wall to the outside world, the posed meaning seeps away in the uncontrollable excrescences of flesh.

Arbus' pictures are, in sum, quintessential *photographs.* The technique says "photograph," the subjects are posed as in snapshots, no attempt to be arty or "like a painting," the use of flash accentuates the instantaneous and the "indifference" of the view. If they everywhere say "I am a photograph," the image also says "This is a (my) body." One must be careful, though, to see where that message is carried. This is not what the subjects say, it is

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only what the subjects *as photographic images* say. The formality of the pose, the frontality of presentation, the direct look into the camera, the fact that the figures tend to fill the space, all suggest a final summing up or summoning up of the person. "This is me," says the face over the dwarfish body. But if the subject struggles to assert spiritual dignity in the face of the flesh's indignity, the camera sees that gesture as destined to defeat. The subject says, "This is me"; the photograph says "This is a (my) body." That is obvious enough in the case of the heavily made-up grand dames; it is no less obvious, one would suppose, in the case of a transvestite or a nude man posing as a woman. Even in the nudist colony the subjects strike an attitude which would deny the pouchy, flatulent flesh that the camera records. As Arbus remarks on her impression of the nudists, "They seem to wear more clothes than other people." The costume ball for the retarded is the most disturbing of the many layers of masks that Arbus records. In the case of the other subjects one knows that there is a *persona* struggling to be its mask, but the *persona* of the retarded is a final mystery behind the funny face and putty nose. Is it a comment on the emptiness of all life's masquerades?

It is not the actual persons photographed who express, "This is my body," it is the subject-as-photographed, the figure as an expressive element in the picture which carries that message. Human beings as such avoid saying "This is my body" with every energy they can muster. The body is a messy, oozy thing that is always escaping our spiritual control and finally escapes us altogether in sickness and death. Who would want to lay claim to that? But the camera here is the eye of truth by denying spirituality in the midst of the posed gesture, finding flesh where we would put spirit, dreams, or fantasy. The photographs inspire classic pity and terror because they affirm the body. When a man and a mailbox are equally treated, one can't miss the point. Men do not like to think of themselves as things "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course / with rocks, and stones, and trees."

Finally, let us return to the sacramental gesture. What is the relation between the meaning of Arbus' photographs and the Christian story? In Arbus' photographs the word and flesh never quite get together; it is all masks and poses betrayed by the em-bodying eye of the camera. The giant, the midget, the retarded, the homosexual strike their pose, assert a dignity, in their inappropriate flesh. Spirit is alive in the tragic tension between "Here I am" asserted and the camera's denial of that quality of self-possession: "No, you're not," it says. "See, there's another just like you; you're next to that stuffed poodle, you know; your makeup is running." Poor soul, it would be the center of its sinful earth but the camera shoves it aside with its interest in the dresser and the fold of garment. I suspect that saying, "This is my body" is not a possible human gesture. Our word attempts always to escape our flesh and the god-like indifference of the camera insists on revealing the pathos of that gesture. It needs a Word greater than the human spirit to affirm itself in flesh. Small wonder we have no human context for announcing our body.

Diane Arbus committed suicide in July of 1971. I know nothing about the circumstances of that event, but a photographer who picks up that machine of absolute impartiality and uses it with total honesty as she did, is bound on a course that would break a God. It is just as well that we have our conventional crucifix with the graceful Jesus rather than an Arbus photograph to ponder during Mass. Perhaps God could bear to take the photographer's eye to so much suffering; I can't, I doubt that Diane Arbus could. And finally, of course, in the Christian tale God is not a camera descrying all with equanimity; he becomes a partisan, fellow-sufferer and redeemer. Arbus said of the nudist camp: "It gets to seem as if way back in the Garden of Eden after the Fall, Adam and Eve had begged the Lord to forgive them and He, in his boundless exasperation had said, 'All right, then. Stay. Stay in the Garden. Get civilized. Procreate. Muck it up.' And they did." She saw that Eden with shattering clarity. No man could save it.

JOHN FANDEL

REVISION

To look upon the world
as for the first time, like Adam,
but with the experience
of the millionth, a Methuselah,
so nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
not even Jesus,
and even I forget it or realize it
differently, the naive view
of an innocence so old
Kasner could not figure it;
to be Miranda just for the first vision
and Sibyl just after!
But that would be to be
other than me,
and I would feel uncomfortable, I think,
as God.
Besides, I rather like my patched-up self,
and the violets come back every spring
as fresh as Eden.

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THE LADY AS HUMPHREY BOGART

MARGARET WIMSATT

Surfacing

MARGARET ATWOOD

Simon and Schuster, $6.95

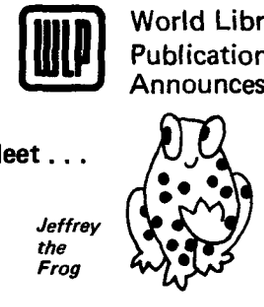
Critics and reviewers have tended to link the names of Margaret Atwood and Sylvia Plath. The resemblances, though superficial, are hard to avoid; they fit the easiest human categories; each author is young, modern in voice (nothing to read with a box of chocolates) and, of course, female. Those who read running cannot escape the parallels. But this is unjust and inaccurate. It is the fate that overtook Shelley and Keats, in the eyes of Edinburgh-type reviewers, and generations were needed to sort out the resulting mish-mash. In the literary world, two major stars can rise at nearly the same time, and to plot their courses needs solid astronomy, not astrological speculation. Plath is one talent, Margaret Atwood's is of another order. There are comparisons that help understand Atwood, but they are all rugged and "masculine." She is a pioneer, she is Huck Finn on the raft, she is Hemingway in darkest Africa; she is not a Smith young lady, fetching up her marks and prizes to fuel the gas oven.

The beauty of this book is that it saves everything. All the themes Atwood has been brooding over for years (successfully! in five volumes of verse and a less-noticed novel) are here tied together and made into a whole that is much more than the sum of its parts. The title is better than accurate; it is a well-developed metaphor. She knows the difference, looking into black bright water, between the shadow and the reflection. She is sharp-sensed, tutored, and physically strong. The novel picks up themes brooded over in the poetry, and knits them together coherently. This is method, not madness.

What is the feminine for "machismo?"

I have canoed a little, and recognize the strong sensation that the fragile, tippy, little boat is an extension of one's body, one's commanding arm. But I don't think I could mount from thwart to gunwhale, knees first, then feet, then the whipping spine, and successfully dive from the stern—but the nameless heroine of this novel can. She can also dig a latrine, fillet a fish, catch the worms and that magically successful bait, the live frog, for amateur fishermen. She can make the fires, she can invent an evening's amusement for her empty-headed friends, she can make them think they are on a really great trip, without ever telling us explicitly what clods they are. (But it comes out. "No one will see you here," she says to her city friend, who for deep reasons must all the same keep slathering on her face-paint.) Our girl is the perennial professional guide, and she comes as near as anyone can to mastering The Mysterious North. The battle is between the North and her; neither wins but she at least survives. Basically, she is Humphrey Bogart; what are we going to do with an Ms. like that?

Yes—atmosphere. It turns out that this lady, this person, our author, can draw up a plot as well. Read the novel once, rapidly, for its excitement, then go back to see how well everything fits and hangs together, like a detective story. At one level, it is a detective story. The narrator goes far into Québec with three city friends (she is ac-



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cepting a ride, they are hoping for adventure, some alleviation to their city lives) to investigate the story of her father's disappearance from his remote lakeside cabin. . . . Now it gets hard. Where indeed is Father? Who planted this year's garden? Vegetables are up, but they have not been weeded. When did Father draft the map with the red-ink crosses plotted in along the lake's shoreline? Studying these drawings, the narrator is at first convinced of her father's insanity. After all, he has only disappeared. No death certificate. Suppose he had gone back to the bush. Suppose it were he whose presence she had felt sniffing at the fence round the vegetable garden. Suppose he had turned into *le loup-garou*. Suppose it were herself, going mad, that had let her even think of these possibilities. . . . Her notion that he might be alive is unsupported, either by her silly friends or by the older friends, and enemies, who inhabit these desolate shores. All the possibilities frighten her. In the end, by diving very deep in search of the last clue, she surfaces, wise.

There are further (uncanny, unpleasant) unravellings to be worked out in her search for sanity and salvation. But this is the crux of the story. She has solved the problem of the past; for herself, she can now decide for life. There are enough false trails here to mislead the unwary into the steel traps of their received ideas. The language, in dialogue, is streetghetto. The sex is graphic, and pathetic; squeamish readers will not get far enough to learn that sex, almost romantic, is part of the solution.

The novel will be read by liberationists as an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a tract against the horrors attendant on a bisexual world: unhappy marriage, lost child, backstairs abortion. It will be read by nationalists and separationists of all persuasions however they want to read it. Americans (even those born in Canada) are the enemy; diseased birch trees are just one sign of their approaching occupancy. They are the ones who cut trees, who fish wholesale, from motor boats and helicopters. They raise the level of the lake, destroying the totems; malignancy creeps up from the south. But the intermediate occupiers of the land, the *Québecois*, are not friendly either. "*Les maudites Anglais*," they say, and mean it literally. There is a lot of stuff here. Canadians are hailing the novel as a tract for nationalism, the fem lib ladies will be along, probably to be followed by archaeologists with wise pronouncements about the state of the remains of Indian pictographs on the Laurentian Shield.

It was a deep dive, successful. Her lungs did not split, her ribs did not burst, nor her heart stop. She is a tough bird, not the heron garotted by the itinerant "American" fishermen—more like the barred owl she hears at night in her father's camp, or the loon who presides over the evening quiet. The good forces were first on the land, before white men intruded; they left their magic to be tapped, their totems to be read. Father learned to read the message; daughter follows his trail, and will live for at least another while. Peace to the quibblers. This is a novel, and it works. By consolidating her heart's old sources, Margaret Atwood has written a great book.

The Christian Church as Social Process

NORMAN PITTENGER

Westminster Press, $2.75

The Community Called Church

JUAN LUIS SEGUNDO, S.J.

Orbis Books, $3.95

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

Neither one of these books fully delivers on its bookjacket promises. Dr. Pittenger's is not the first attempt at applying a processive mode of thought to the church, nor is Father Segundo's vision of the church so distinctively Latin American. Nevertheless, each volume has something useful and constructive to say about the church, and that achievement cannot fairly be denied the authors.

Norman Pittenger is a member of the

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Divinity Faculty of the University of Cambridge and has been, for several years now, a leading popular exponent of process philosophy both in the United States and England. This book is yet another effort on his part to communicate the fruits of Whitehead, Hartshorne, *et al.*, to a non-specialist audience. (Indeed, the several chapters were originally given as clergy conferences, for the most part.) In general, it must be said that Prof. Pittenger succeeds.

He has written a clear, balanced, and catholic statement on the nature and mission of the church. I am not prepared to grant, however, that this is by any means a breakthrough or trend-setting book. I have the impression rather that the author is not so much applying the highly technical and intricate philosophy of Whitehead to the doctrine of the church as he is applying simply the mood, spirit, and orientation of that philosophy. But having moved from the one to the other, he cannot claim that the former is still the operative form of the book.

In other words, when Pittenger suggests that process philosophy requires us to see the church as a social reality in history—moving out of the past, in the present, toward the future—he is not saying anything so essentially different from the salvation-history school of Oscar Cullmann and Vatican II, nor from the more recent, non-process probings of Karl Rahner, Jürgen Moltmann, Wolfhart Pannenberg, Edward Schillebeeckx, Johannes Metz, or a cluster of other contemporary Christian theologians. I should be completely surprised if any of these aforementioned theologians were to find substantial fault with Pittenger's fifth chapter ("The Church as Social Process") which encapsulates the argument of the whole book. Unless he would be prepared to argue that they are all "anonymous process philosophers," I should have to draw one of two conclusions: either process philosophy is so general that it can apply to just about anyone who takes "process" seriously, or Pittenger has not really applied pure Whiteheadian process philosophy herein.

Juan Segundo's book has a different origin. It emerged not from occasional lectures but from a full-blown course. Indeed, this volume is the course text. Each chapter contains the one-hour lecture opening each session, and a series of "clarifications" which are products of subsequent questioning and discussion. Its several undeniable assets notwithstanding, the book does not answer whatever need remains for a textbook on the church.

First, it is excessively preoccupied with the challenge of the pagan philosopher Porphyry who asked why God waited so long to make salvation available to the world through Christ and the church. If Segundo's eschatological perspective were clearer, he could have answered that question cleanly and clearly and moved on to something else.

Second, this treatment of the function, necessity, and obligations of the church in chapters three and four is broadstroked and imprecise. He never really gets to the heart of the matter theologically, which is the problem of the relationship between the church and the Kingdom of God—except to say at one point, too narrowly, that the church's fundamental mission is to proclaim that the Kingdom is already here in our midst (p. 67).

Third, there is an underlying ambivalence in his attitude toward the world, evident in his discussion of precatechesis (pp. 67-70) and again in his very curious definition of the world as being "precisely . . . non-Christian humanity" (p. 131).

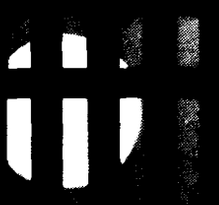
Fourth, there is a disconcerting taste of positivism in his statements about revelation. A Christian knows about God's plan of salvation because "he has received not only redemption but also revelation" (p. 11). He has "a light which the nonbeliever lacks" (p. 35).

Fifth, the "clarifications" are perhaps too compressed (a problem that might have been mitigated if the pages devoted to the main lecture in each chapter had been used more effectively) and the appendices (one of which is called "A Biblical Tapestry") seem like a throwback to our proof-text days.

Christ behind bars.

"It is not art I seek in these pages, nor esthetic breathing space. It is a simple alternative to death . . .

". . . mother church, we're sick of death, we're dying of our dying, we've never lived, or we've lived on death row, mill-town, false front, cheese-borough, high rise, terminal alley . . . How about some life, please?"



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Segundo's work ought to make its own way without extrinsic support from the "Latin American theology" tag. This is really a very different book from Gustavo Gutierrez's *Theology of Liberation*. Their views on the mission of the church are on occasion sharply at odds, particularly in the matter of the application of the church's corporate and institutional power in the cause of social change.

Job Power

DAVID JENKINS

Doubleday, $8.95

ARMAND SCHWAB, JR.

"This book is about industrial democracy," David Jenkins begins. The phrase, ideological and somewhat grandiloquent, falls strangely on American ears, but Jenkins has put industrial democracy—not work satisfaction or the work environment—at the center of his book advisedly. He has seen that only the broad and ideological changes the phrase implies can reassemble the split personality of industrial man: educated on the one hand for self-determination, self-fulfillment and self-gratification, and assigned on the other hand to function as an under-achieving operative in the authoritarian subculture of a factory or office. Jenkins writes, therefore, not merely about the fad-problem of blue-collar blues or about techniques such as job enrichment or incentive pay (though he covers all these) but about what has gone wrong with work in the advanced industrial societies and what can be done about it. What can, perhaps, be done about it is to extend the forms and the values of democracy into working life. It is a simple idea when you think about it, and we should be thinking about it a lot more. If it is an idea whose time has not yet quite come in the U.S., at least now it is an idea whose book has come.

Job Power is, first of all, a badly needed popular summary of material that is well known to specialists in universities and personnel departments but almost unknown to intelligent laymen, material that has been dangerously ignored by management, labor and political decision-makers in this country. Jenkins begins by talking about work and how it has changed: Industrial Revolution, scientific management, mass production, time-and-motion studies, "automation," office machines, hierarchical bureaucracy, atomization, specialization, alienation. . . . He goes on to review various theoretical analyses of work problems and their possible solutions. Then sets out on a survey of work-satisfaction and industrial-democracy activities in a number of countries: the kibbutz in Israel, local "self-management" in Yugoslavia, "codetermination" through worker representation on boards of directors in West Germany, the frustrated striving for *participation* in France, research in England, research and experimentation in the U.S.—and the hard-headed pilot projects of Scandinavia, where social science, fervent democratic ideology and realistic business considerations have begun to put it all together. Finally he assesses the imperatives and the prospects in the U.S.

Throughout, Jenkins is the careful journalist with a background in business-news reporting, relying largely on his voracious reading and dogged interviewing. This has its disadvantages. There is often a tone of anecdotal business-magazine reporting, the emphasis on research is at the expense of vivid observation and the eagerness to report what experts say often leads to unnecessary quotations or a quotation that doesn't quite make the desired point. The big advantages are fairness and

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REVIEWERS

MARGARET WIMSATT lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

FATHER RICHARD P. MC BRIEN teaches in the Department of Theology at Boston College. He is the author of *Do We Need the Church?* (Harper & Row).

ARMAND SCHWAB, JR., a previous contributor, is an editor of *Scientific American*.

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careful documentation, buttressed by a massive bibliography and annotation.

The important thing about *Job Power* is that it amasses evidence to demonstrate that, in Jenkins' words, "the brutal alienation of workers under modern industrial capitalism is not a fantasy dreamed up by ivory-tower philosophers and social thinkers, nor is the deep need to exercise one's intelligence, to participate in decision-making, to carry responsibility, and to develop personally merely an abstract prescription turned out by intellectuals and irrelevant for ordinary workers." And it proceeds to demonstrate that well-conceived changes in work organization, especially those based on the concept of the autonomous group, are neither disguised speedups nor eyewash, and that they pay off for employers in profits and for employees in income, self-esteem and happiness. Yes, happiness.

The allegations thus refuted are being made in the U.S. not so much by business men (who for the most part aren't yet worried enough about industrial democracy to attack it) as by many union officials and management experts and some sociologists. They tend to complain (as one expert did on the *Times* Op-Ed page several months ago) that critical long-hairs are denigrating "honest work," heeding "a vocal minority of dissatisfied young workers," imposing their élitist values on simple folk; they suggest that unions know better than "visiting social scientists" what workers want. Well, there is enough evidence of distress in office and factory to counter the romantic talk about honest work. And of course dissatisfaction is articulated first by the most articulate and most dissatisfied individuals. As for élitism, what could be more élitist than to assume that manual workers are less human than management experts, do not want to enjoy their jobs and can be bought off with increased pay? As for the unions, they are naturally laggard in these matters: they have legitimate fears of work-organization gimmickry and changes that may weaken the union's role, and illegitimate fears that autonomy may go to the worker's head. (Sweden's powerful unions were chary of industrial democracy for just such reasons; now, scurrying to catch up with their members, they are concentrating on channeling reforms through union negotiations.)

The message of *Job Power* is that something important is beginning to happen. There is a demand for work satisfaction. The demand can be met by reforms based on social as well as technical requirements. The reforms are in order in this country; they have become mandatory in such near-full-employment countries as Sweden (where Volvo simply cannot get the manpower to make its cars and is therefore building the world's first automobile assembly plant without an assembly line). Beyond work satisfaction, though, there is the promise industrial democracy holds for building a better society. It may help provide the economic justice, the personal dignity and the decentralization of authority that political democracy needs in order to persist into the 21st century.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 467*)

Urbanopolises of home. The failures, eruptions, thrusts, tensions, hopes are all here, in confusion of faith and goodness with power and privilege; in youth turned off by hypocrisy and disillusion; in struggle between those who follow light they believe the Spirit flashed in Vatican II and those who mourn, bereft of familiar magic by the Council's outcome. The patterns are no neat arrangements of locale or nationhood, diocese, geography, organization or hierarchical ascent, but prismatic, bewildering, bringing far flung bedfellows together. As we humble along, we may be touching edges of a unity we never dreamed of.

Looking to the east with Father Balasuriya's lens, we lose another illusion. The Asians it seems, are just as scrutable as us occidentals.

MARJORIE MURPHY

ERA Insights

Baton Rouge, La.

To the Editors: A million thanks for the great article by Nancy Schwartz on the Equal Rights Amendment [June 15]. As a reader working hard for its passage in Louisiana, I welcomed the insights into the labor aspects of ERA as well as your increased attention to "women's issues." Recent letters to the Editor published, indicate other women also are looking for this consideration of their problems. Your response to this need is appreciated.

KARLINE K. TIERNEY

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